WILDSTORM
Freddy vs JASON vs ASH
James Kuhoric Jason Craig
#2
of 6
DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT
Eric Powell
Suggested for mature readers
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Crystal Lake.
Home to the new Super Ultra Mega S-Mart warehouse store. "Shop Smart, Shop S-Mart," right?
Yeah, right.
And now it's also home to yours truly. The suits sent me here to clean up the Housewares Department. I'm here for another calling.
Employee of the Month again, sure, I'm a shoo-in. Name one other retail clerk that can take down a possessed shopper with a can opener and a tin of car wax.
HELLO, LADIES.
GIGGLE
TEE-HEE-HEE
NAME'S ASH. BUT YOU CAN CALL ME "ANYTIME."
OMG! I THINK HE WAS STARING RIGHT AT YOUR CHEST, PARIS.
OH, BABY DOLL, YOU GOT A SUGAR GRANDDADDY JUST WAITING FOR YOU.
HUH?
AHEM.
MR. ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS, I PRESUME?
YEAH, THAT'S ME. YOU FELLAS ORDERED UP A PRO, RIGHT? I'M YOUR MA--
APPARENTLY THEY DON'T VALUE PUNCTUALITY AT THE DETROIT STORE, BUT WE HERE AT SUPER ULTRA MEGA S-MART ARE HELD TO A HIGHER STANDARD.
WE'VE ALREADY WASTED SEVEN MINUTES OUT HERE ON THE CONSUMER TARMAC. LET'S GET INSIDE AND STRAIGHTEN OUT THE HOUSEWARES DEPARTMENT.

WE'VE ONLY GOT TWELVE DAYS UNTIL THE REDEDICATION OF THIS COMMUNITY AS FOREST GREEN.
IN THAT TIME WE HAVE TO GET THROUGH THE HOLIDAY RUSH AND THE RETURN SEASON. NO EASY TASK FOR A ROOKIE CREW. THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN.
PLEASE. LIKE I'D RIDE DISCOUNT STORE ELVIS BACK THERE.
HE'S SO 20TH CENTURY.
TEE-HEE-HEE. LOOK AT ME. SUCH RIPE BREASTS. SUCH A ROUND ASS.
I KNOW. I'M JUST A WHORE WAITING TO SCREW THE NEXT CAMP COUNSELOR IN TIGHT '70s SHORTS.
I'LL RIDE ANYONE BUT JASON. THAT LITTLE FAGGOT WOULD RATHER POKE A PIG THAN A GIRL.
UH-OH...THINK WE STRUCK A NERVE, GIRLS...

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AHEEEEE!
PARIS!
URGK...
SHURK

NO, NO, NOOOOO!
HEEEELLLP!!
SPRAK
AHHHP..
AIIIEEEE!

ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE--THIS IS ASH WILLIAMS. HE'S THE NEW SHERIFF IN HOUSEWARES--WHAT HE SAYS GOES.
THIS IS THE HOUSEWARES CREW--RAOUL, JARVIS, DAVE AND CAROLINE.
AIIEEEE!
SECURITY!
WILLIAMS?!
JUUUH...
WHAT'S WRONG?!
WHAT HAPPENED?!
JUHHH... JUHHH...
WEE-OOOH-WEE-OHH-WEEE-OOOH
JASON.
BLOOD. THIS AIN'T GOOD.
COPS... GREAT...

NO, OFFICER, MR. WILLIAMS WAS STANDING NEXT TO ME IN THE HOUSEWARES DEPARTMENT WHEN THIS OCCURRED.
I CAN UNEQUIVOCALLY CONFIRM THAT HE IS INNOCENT. SO PLEASE, FOR THE LAST TIME, COULD YOU LET HIM GO?
ALL RIGHT, PUNK. I KNOW YOUR TYPE. "MR. FANCY PANTS" FROM THE BIG CITY.
WELL, WE AIN'T IN "MAYBURRY" HERE, BOY. I'LL BE WATCHIN' YOU. KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN OR I'LL BE BACK TO CLEAN IT FOR YOU.
YEAH, MAYBE YOU OUGHTTA WORRY ABOUT CLEANING YOUR OWN NOSE, MAJOR BUSH LIP.
YOU WATCH THAT ONE. HE'S GOT A HISTORY OF SHOWING UP RIGHT WHEN THINGS START TO GO TO HELL. AWFUL CONVENIENT IF YOU ASK ME.
WHO THE HELL PUT THIS PYRAMID TOGETHER?
STUPID KIDS. DON'T KNOW A WAFFLE IRON STACK FROM A WATER PICK MOUNTAIN.
AMATEURS.
WHAT WAS ALL THE COMMOTION ABOUT OUT THERE?
IT'S BAD NEWS, SWEET CHEEKS. THE OLD BAG KEPT MUTTERING UNDER HER BREATH AND I'M PRETTY CERTAIN THERE WAS FRESH BLOOD THAT OFFICER PORTLY COMPLETELY MISSED.
SEEMS LIKE THE DEVIL DONE COME TO TOWN AND HE'S LOOKING FOR SOME SOULS TO STEAL.
LISTEN UP. YOU KIDS THINK YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT, DON'CHA?
SKIP SCHOOL, DO A LITTLE GRAB-ASS, AND HANG OUT SMOKING WHATEVER UNDER THE BLEACHERS AFTER WORK, RIGHT?
WELL, I GOT NEWS FOR YOU. THE WORLD IS A CESSPOOL FULLA CRAP YOU NEVER WANT TO LOOK IN THE EYE. THERE ARE THINGS YOUR TESTICLE-SIZED BRAINS CAN'T EVEN COMPREHEND.
THINGS LIKE THE DEADITES, ANCIENT KANDARIAN DEMONS THAT WANT TO TURN YOU INSIDE OUT AND WEAR YOUR FLESH LIKE A FULL-BODY CONDOM.

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE PLACES I'VE GONE, SCREWED-UP MONSTERS I'VE SEEN, AND THINGS I'VE HAD TO DISMEMBER.
THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE TO SUPER ULTRA MEGA CRAPTOWN IN CRYSTAL LAKE. TO GET THE DAMNED BOOK, NECRONOMICON EX MORTIS, AND FINISH OFF THE DEADITES ONCE AND FOR ALL.
YO, POPS, YOU ARE SERIOUSLY EFFED IN THE HEAD.
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR BULLSHIT STORIES AND STICK 'EM UP YOUR ASS WITH WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR DIGNITY?
YEAH, MAN. HEY, WE GOT A SALE THIS WEEK IN THE BOOK DEPARTMENT.
MAYBE YOU CAN GET THE "BOOK OF THE DEMENTED" ON PRICE SLASHIN' SPECIAL.
LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN, KID. 'CAUSE THE DEADITES' IDEA OF A JOKE IS KILLING ALL YOUR FRIENDS WHILE YOU STAND BY AND WATCH IT HAPPEN.
I'M TAKING A BREAK.
THEY DON'T MEAN ANYTHING BY IT, YOU KNOW? IT'S JUST THEIR WAY OF DEALING WITH STUFF HERE.
YEAH, WHATEVER.
LOOK, CARRIE, RIGHT? I'VE SEEN THIS HAPPEN BEFORE. IN THE END THERE'S A WHOLE LOT OF BLOOD AND A BUNCH OF HEARTACHE.
IS ALL THAT TRUE? YOU KNOW, ABOUT DEMONS AND DAMNED BOOKS?
I WISH IT WASN'T, BABE. BUT IT IS.
I'VE BEEN FIGHTING THESE BLIGHTED SPIRITS FOR YEARS. EVER SINCE THEY TOOK MY GIRL, LINDA, AND DECIDED TO MAKE ME THEIR OWN PERSONAL STRESS DOLL.
AND WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND?
MORE DEADITE TRICKS. THEY GOT INTO MY HAND AND IT WENT BAD. I HAD TO LOP IT OFF AT THE WRIST.
USED THE NECRONOMICON TO SEND 'EM AWAY BUT ENDED UP GETTING SUCKED BACK INTO THE PAST WITH THEM. I MADE THIS CONTRAPTION IN THE MIDDLE AGES.
I COULD'VE BEEN KING, BUT THAT WASN'T WHERE I BELONGED. SO I SAID THE MAGIC WORDS, DRANK THE JUICE, AND ENDED UP BACK HERE.
BUT IT DIDN'T END THERE. THE DEADITES FOLLOWED ME BACK AND I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FINISH THEM OFF EVER SINCE. THAT'S THE LIFE OF THE "CHOSEN ONE," I GUESS. STILL THINK I WASN'T CHOSEN FOR ANYTHING BUT TO BE FATE'S RED-HEADED STEPCHILD.
GOD, IT ALL SEEMS SO IMPOSSIBLE AND CRAZY.
BUT WITH THE JASON VOORHEES LEGEND AROUND HERE, I GUESS WE'VE HAD OUR SHARE OF DEMONS.
JASON?
THAT'S WHAT THE OLD BAG IN THE PARKING LOT KEPT SAYING.

JASON VOORHEES WAS A BOY WHO DROWNED AT CAMP CRYSTAL LAKE BACK IN THE '50s.
BUT JASON CAME BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO TAKE HIS REVENGE ON THE CAMP COUNSELORS WHOSE NEGLIGENCE CAUSED HIS DEATH.
RIGHT... UNDEAD KID COMES BACK TO OFF SLACKER CAMP PUNKS. THAT'S GOT DEADITE WRITTEN ALL OVER IT, BABY.
AND WHERE THERE ARE DEADITES THE NECRONOMICON CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND.
MORE "BLOOD," MAN. DIS IS JASON WE'RE DOIN' UP. GOTTA LOOK GOOD FOR "EASY READER" IN THERE.
THEY SAY HE MANIFESTS AS A POSSESSED HULKING FIGURE WEARING A HOCKEY MASK AND USING A MACHETE TO KILL ANYONE THAT GETS IN HIS WAY.
OVER THE PAST THIRTY YEARS THERE HAVE BEEN SWATHS OF KILLINGS ATTRIBUTED TO HIM, OR COPYCATS. THERE EVEN WAS A KILLER IN MANHATTAN THEY THOUGHT MIGHT HAVE BEEN JASON.
BUT IT'S BEEN QUIET SINCE THE HIGH SCHOOL KILLINGS FIVE YEARS BACK. I WAS STILL IN MIDDLE SCHOOL, BUT I REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT A JASON COPYCAT KILLING A BUNCH OF KIDS IN SPRINGWOOD.
ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN PUT AWAY THE BEAVER SCOUT COOKIES, I'M SOLD. LET'S GET UP TO THE VOORHEES HOUSE AND FIND THAT BOOK...
AHHHHH!
WHAT THE HELL?
RAHHHH!!
DOWN!
OOOGA-OOOGA-AAAARRR!
CLANG
HEY, HOCKEY PUTZ... YOU WANNA DANCE, HUH?

ALL RIGHT, LET'S DANCE!
YEEHAA!
OOOF!
THUNK
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?! STOP IT, YOU'LL KILL HIM!
IT'S RAOUL! IT WAS A JOKE, MAN! GET OFFA HIM!
URK... HEL- KAK-P!
WHAT!? A JOKE? YOU STUPID ASS-CLOWNS COULD HAVE ENDED UP DEAD.
GET THIS ¾KAFFÉ ¾KAFFÉ FREAK-NUT OFFA ME!
PSYCHO LOSER!
JASON AIN'T REAL, DUMB-ASS! HE DIED YEARS AGO, IF HE WAS EVER EVEN A REAL PERSON AND NOT JUST SOME BOOGEYMAN DREAMED UP BY SICK SCREWS.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION?
I'VE GOT CUSTOMERS SAYING IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S GETTING KILLED IN HERE.
SEE YA AROUND, ASH.
HOCKEY MASK AND STICK. $39.
QUICKSMART TOASTER OVEN. $42.
YEAH, YEAH. PENCILNECK NIGHT MANAGER WITH A CLIPBOARD AND WAGE-DOCKING SLIP?
PRICE-LESS.

CHUFF CHUFF CHUFF
Ah Heart, you had your fun with the bubblegum bitches, now you have to do a favor for daddy.
GO GET THE NECRONOMICON AND WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE "FATHER AND SON" STORY TIME. YOU KNOW, JUST YOU AND ME.
COME NOW, YOU CAN'T READ IT YOURSELF, YOU KNOW. UNLESS...YOU WERE TO GET THE REAL BOOK AND LET ME MAKE YOU SMART. BUT UNTIL THEN, SIT YOUR OVERSIZED RETARDED CANCEROUS NOGGIN DOWN HERE AND LET ME READ TO YOU.
I CALL THIS LITTLE TALE, T'WAS THE NIGHTMARE BEYOND ELM STREET.
IT'S A REAL HOLIDAY KILLER.
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

CH-CH-CH
AH-AH-AH
DANGER
DO NOT ENTER
YOU READY? LET'S TRY IT AGAIN FROM THE TOP.
...?
SHUMP
SHUMP
SHUMP
I WANT THIS TO BE PERFECT. THAT MEANS NO SCREECHING ON THE HIGH NOTES, SHELLY, AND NO DROPPING INTO FLATS, KEITH.
READY, ONE AND A TWO AND A... HUH?
SHUNK
SHURGLE

CH-CH-CH-AH-AH-AH
AAAHHHH!
OH, GOD, JENNY!
DANGER
DO NOT
ENTER

AIEEEEE!
DANGER
DO NOT ENTER
OHHH...
CHUNK
DANGER
WHISH-
SHUNK

WHOAAA... CHAIN LIGHTNING?
THAT'S A CUT ABOVE THE REST.
HEY, WERE YOU A BEAVER SCOUT, BABY?
'CAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE READY FOR ANYTHING.
YOU GONNA JUST STAND THERE OR YOU GONNA SHOW BREE YOUR BIG SAW? HEHEHE.
I'M TAKING A LITTLE "CAMPING" TRIP AND I NEED SOME SUPPLIES. I ALREADY PACKED MY G-STRINGS AND OTHER GOODIES, CAN YOU HELP ME FILL MY BOX WITH YOUR WARES?
WELL, I'M NOT REALLY AN OUTDOOR SUPPLIES SPECIALIST, BUT I DO KNOW MY WAY AROUND A CABIN.
THAT OUGHT TO DO IT. EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR A COZY NIGHT IN THE WILD.
OH, BABY, IT'S SO MUCH STUFF AND I DON'T HAVE ANY CASH ON ME.
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SKIP THE TRIP UNTIL I CAN PAY FOR ALL THIS STUFF.

CA-CHING
YOU KNOW, IT'S JUST ABOUT THE END OF MY SHIFT ANYWAY. HOW ABOUT I TAKE CARE OF THIS WITH MY, AHEM, "EXECUTIVE EMPLOYEE DISCOUNT," AND I CAN HELP YOU SET UP ALL THIS STUFF?
YEAH, BABY. THAT SOUNDS JUST GROOVY.
NICE CAR, BREE.
SAY, WHERE ARE WE HEADING FOR THIS LITTLE EXPEDITION?
"WE" ARE GOING TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE VOORHEES HOUSE BEFORE THEY TEAR IT DOWN.
"YOU" ARE GONNA TAKE YOUR JURASSIC ASS BACK IN THE STORE AND BEAT OFF TO DREAMS OF WHAT I'LL BE TAPPIN' TONIGHT.
LATER, BITCH-BOY! HAHAHA HAHA!
SCREEEEEE
STICK THAT SILVER SPOON UP YOUR ASS, FRAT BOY. MAN, I HATE PUNK KIDS
LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, AGAIN. QUART OF OIL AND A SIX PACK SHOULD DO IT, EH?

Ewww... VOORHEES CASA CENTRAL.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WORKED THAT FOSSIL INTO BUYING ALL THAT EQUIPMENT FOR US.
YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO SWALLOW THE TADPOLE. THAT GUY MUST HAVE BEEN DESPERATE.
THAT'S RIGHT, WHEN YOU'VE GOT TITS LIKE MINE YOU ONLY HAVE TO TEASE--BOYS'LL DO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING IF THEY THINK THEY MIGHT GET A TASTE.
COME 'ERE, BECKA. FORGET ABOUT TADPOLES, I WANNA SEE IF YOU CAN SWALLOW A BIG MOUTH BASS.
FURIOUS, YOU'RE SO CRUDE.
'SIDES I'VE SEEN YOUR "BASS" ALREADY AND IT'S MORE LIKE A GUPPY.
LET'S FIND SOME PLACE QUIET BEFORE HE STARTS YELLING.
GONNA MAKE YOU SCREAM FOR THAT ONE, WHORE.
WELL, I'M GONNA MAKE YOU WEEP, BASTARD. Mmmmm.
CH-CH-CH AH-AH-AH
UH-UH-UHN!
COME ON, BABY, COME ON!

GREAT... JUST GREAT. THE FLOOZY AND HER FRIENDS ARE HERE.
LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE BY YOURSELF, ASH? YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED AND I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS GOING-NOWHERE-BURG.
UHN... NECRONOMICON 101. IT'S ALWAYS IN THE FRUIT CELLAR.
GOD-DAMNED BOOK.
REEKAH-REEK
THUMP THUMP THUMP
UHN-UHN-UHN-AHHH!
SURE, SURE, IT'S OKAY. ASH IS DOWN HERE WITH THE SPIDERS AND THE ORNAMENTAL SKELETAL CRITTERS WHILE THEY'RE UP THERE HAVING AN ORGY.
YEAH, LIFE'S REAL FAIR. STAY IN SCHOOL, KIDS. YOU TOO COULD END UP SUCCESSFUL LIKE ME.

WHAT THE FUH...?
AAHHHH! FURIOUS, HELP ME!
CRICK-SNAPTHAK!
UHH-URK
THUNK-A THUNK-A THUNK-A AAHHHHH
SPLORP
AAARPB!
OH-GA-GA-GAHHHNN

COME ON, WHERE THE HELL IS... AHA.
GOT A TALKING BOOK MADE OUT OF FLESH? NO PROBLEM--JUST BURY IT IN THE EARTHEN FLOOR OF THE FRUIT CELLAR.
CLASSIC.
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH... OHHH.
AAAAHH!
GOTCHA!

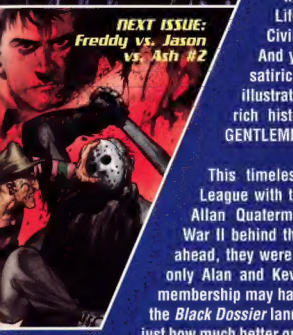
CRASH
CRIMINY!
BREE!
OOF!
LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE THE ONE GETTING NAILED, PAL.
BREEP BREE, WHERE ARE YOU?!
AH, CRAP.

AHHH!
AHHH!
DEAD... ALL DEAD... HE KILLED THEM ALL.
Mmmm YEAH, I SEE.
BUT WE'RE NOT.
COME ON!
OH, GOD, HE'S BACK! BEHIND YOU!
CRASH
WHOA!
GET TO THE CAR!
BOOOM
EAT THIS!

COME ON!
KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK
NO, NO, NO, NOT NOW!
COME ON YOU PIECE OF SHIT, START!
WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!
CH-CH-CH
AH-AH-AH
START, DAMN IT, START!
To Be Continued...

THE STORM FRONT

History was always one of my favorite subjects in school. Where else could you read about colorful people and places you'd never met or been to and then get graded on how well you knew the continuity? Lifetimes were lived in the span of a single class. Civilizations rose and fell with the turn of a page. And you could fit it all in one book. This month, the satiric wit of Alan Moore, accompanied by the illustrative charm of Kevin O'Neill, brings to life the rich history of THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN with the *Black Dossier*.

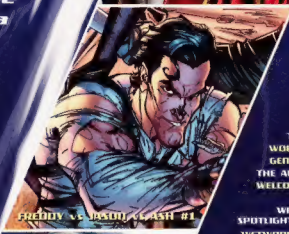


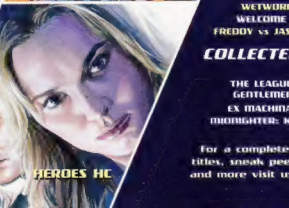
This timeless volume weaves the history of the League with the thrilling return of Mina Murray and Allan Quatermain to 1950s England. With World War II behind them and the dawn of the space age ahead, they were caught up in another adventure as only Alan and Kevin could imagine. The League's membership may have seen better days, but not until the *Black Dossier* lands in their hands do they realize just how much better or worse those days really were.

It's also a graphic novel in every sense of the word, running the gamut of visual storytelling from sequential art, text pieces, detailed maps and cutaways to a 3-D ride to the finish! The *Black Dossier* is an intoxicating tale of the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen's distinguished history and the lengths they'll go to keep their secrets that will leave history buffs running back to class with a newfound appreciation for the classics.

Jim Lee
La Jolla

OUT THIS MONTH





WILDSTORM

IN STORES NOVEMBER

GEN13 #14
DEATHBLOW #8
WETWORKS #15
EX MACHINA #32
MIDNIGHTER #13
THE PROGRAMME #5
WORLD OF WARCRAFT #4
GEN13: ARMAGEDDON #1
THE AUTHORITY: PRIME #2
WELCOME TO TRANQUILITY: ARMAGEDDON #1
WILDSTORM FINE ARTS: SPOTLIGHT ON THE AUTHORITY
WETWORKS: ARMAGEDDON #1
WELCOME TO TRANQUILITY #12
FREDDY vs JASON vs ASH #1 and 2

COLLECTED EDITIONS:

HEROES HC
THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN: BLACK DOSSIER HC
EX MACHINA: POWER DOWN TPB
MIDNIGHTER: KILLING MACHINE TPB

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James Kuhoric Jason Craig
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